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PEEP INTO THE
CONVENT OF CLUTHA:

A

POETICAL EPISTLE.

By the Rev. James Headrick, who wrote this satirical piece in consequence of being disappointed of the Professorship of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow.

Ipsa Jovis rapidum jaculata e nubibus ignem, &c.

VIRG.

O'erwhelm'd by Ignorance. and Bigot sway,
Beneath a cloud insulted Merit lay ;—
But yet a well-aim'd, parting, bolt she threw
Which shook with terrors all the worthless crew.

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A

PEEP INTO THE
CONVENT OF CLUTHA.

YOU have heard, my dear friend, of the terrible squabble,
Which, lately, arose 'mongst our pedagogue rabble:
So fierce was the contest, the bruit for a while
Resounded afar, and pervaded our isle.

But as Fame, at a distance, the truth oft conceals,
Or a few scatter'd hints, mix'd with falsehood, reveals;
I thought it might chace a dull minute of care,
Thus, briefly, the true state of facts to declare.

Although my narration exhibit the chime
Of old Monkish legend, and hobble in rhyme;
It shall, notwithstanding, the plain truth disclose,
As if it had crept in somniferous prose.
No Muse, to inspire me, descends from the skies,
Or bolts up from Erebus, loaded with lies;
For the tricks Poets use, to embellish their verse,
Are slighted, when nothing but truth we rehearse.

Not Cloacine's temple engender'd this storm,
Its site, and her altars' most erudite form.
(A source of dispute you may think somewhat odd
But which kindled more zeal than the temple of God)
When mystical circle by some was prefer'd,
A figure by most of the ancients rever'd,
Which might seem, with a b—m of convenient size on,
The globe of our earth with a wooden horizon;
And the youth, while their ** were wedg'd in the holes,
Might learn how oblique to th' ecliptic the poles.—
After much learn'd contention, the square gain'd the day,
As permitting the postern muscles more play.

No strife about book-keeping sharpen'd their rage,
Whether Malcolm's is best, or old Charge and Discharge.—
A dispute which, for twenty long years, did not fail
To kindle their innate propension to rail:
On which, as examples of learning and wit,
Long speeches were made, and huge volumes were writ,
And still, as their noddles were puzzled, they got.
Swarms of shop-keepers clerks t'unravel the knot.
When after rewarding with thanks, and with plate,
They let loose on their steward a tempest of hate.

THE CONVENT.

7

Not Rhinoceros' right (tho a case on record)
To vote with the striplings in chusing a Lord:
Or if John, in his gown, with his sceptre in hand,
As Lord, Moderator, or Master may stand;
Or whether, degraded to sneaking *bedellus*,
For shillings roar — *fluxit* — to ignorant fellows.

Not whether the terrible ordeal stone
Should remain in a corner; — or swell'd to a throne
By a huge pile of wood, and in Hall's centre plac'd,
Should with foliage, all blushing with cherries, be grac'd.
Black stone! — where stern frowning, and hard questions dash
The stripling whose pockets are scanty of cash;
While John's lips are seal'd, nor his provident hand
Contrives to shake downwards the loitering sand.
Although he from Cockius get not a scar on't
Rhinoceros mires him in *Barb'ra celarunt*,
If he grant not his bill, or by some lucky shift,
Contrive to advance th' *honorarium* gift.

Nor was it a squable about a suspension,
Late extoll'd by our Monks as an useful invention:
While the truth of their doctrine by few was denied

Provided the noose were but rightly applied.

Not which pamper'd boarder should chiefly surprise us,
By satchel enlarg'd to a mountain with prizes,
The labour of tutors—or which cringes most,
And was therefore prefer'd to this dignified post.

Nor was it.— You twist your inquisitive phiz !
Wish the negative dropt—and to know what it is.

Then hear me.— Our Convent has long been the seat
Of a strange kind of learning, now much out of date;
Contriv'd by the Monks, in convenient season,
To curb the attempts of rebellious reason:
When cowls black and grey, or a tonsured nob
Attracted the stare of the wondering mob:
When relics of Saints, rotten wood, and old bones,
And such ware was extoll'd by our slumbering drones.

Yet, in process of time, it so happen'd, a place
Was allotted the secrets of nature to trace;

A chair was made sacred to great Newton's name,
Whose mind had unfolded all nature's vast frame :
This chair had, of late, shed a glorious light,
And chac'd, to their caverns, the shadows of night ;
The quibbles of logic no longer we prize,
Nor nonsense assuming a sacred disguise.
Superstition is fled—and their dull Monkish jargon
For our time and expense, seems a pitiful bargain.

Some monks, 'midst their dunghills of rubbish, were scar'd
And, united by fury, fierce vengeance prepar'd.
Strong efforts they us'd to extinguish the light,
And to prop the convenient empire of night ;
They saw that were nature admir'd, all their lectures
Would sink in contempt, or vanish like spectres,
Which, while darkness continues, amuse or dismay ;
But vanish when Morning gives promise of Day.

This envied chair, being vacant, became
A subject of contest to persons of fame,
To persons who Newton's vast genius could scan,
And had studied, successfully, Nature's great plan.
But after much shifting and winding of party,
Our Monks for Eugene, or Eudoxus, were hearty.

The first is well known, and has earn'd much applause
 By zealous endeavours to trace nature's laws.
 Many years have revolv'd since our Monks did declare,
 That he was most worthy t'inherit the Chair —
 Rhinoceros then ev'n trudg'd like a hack,
 And exultingly carried Eugene on his back:
 His show box, his knapsack, and his *vade mecum*!
 He budg'd not without this great prodigy *secum*.
 But now, of his knapsack beginning to tire,
 He kick'd it, and trampled it, into the mire.

Eudoxus, they say, is a staid Eccles'astic,
 By Rhinoceros prais'd for his habits monastic:
 One advantage he has, tho a strange one you'll own,
 That his name and his merits are wholly unknown.
 For some Monks, far from deeming obscurity sin,
 Always kick those they know, and the stranger take in;
 At Nature they think it sufficient to look
 Thro a window; or trace her in some mouldy book.*

* The Books here alluded to are supposed to be *Packs of cards*, which some of our Monks have always at hand, neatly cased in Turkey, and by which they sometimes astonish their pupils at the profundity of their erudition, and powers of calculation. — The epithet *mouldy* is misapplied, for it is well known that these books are more frequently thumbed and perused than any in their possession.

But were you, my dear friend, or some bard to rehearse
These exploits in heroical, sonorous, verse;
I warn you that, here, you should mention the rumpus
'Mong the Gods and the Goddeffes, met on Olympus.
How that Venus did mollify, Juno did scold;
How Minerva was prudent, Mars gallant and bold;
How Jupiter wax'd, from their bickerings, wroth,
And was tempted to swear by his Godship's great oath,
Nay threaten'd, with his massy thunders, to bang them,
Or chain'd over hell, like smok'd herrings, to hang them.
How that they, notwithstanding, despising his threats,
Fought on opposite sides, and did wonderous feats.

I permit all these weighty exploits to remain
Future task for some high flying muse to explain:-
For Truth, whom I follow, such flights never tries;
And but speaks what she heard, or observ'd with her eyes.

But tell me, sweet Truth, why so bashful and coy!
How long shall I court thee, yet never enjoy?---
Some grey beards have told me you liv'd in a well;---
I've plung'd, and have grop'd for you almost to hell.
Then I fancied your mansion was seated on high!---
I search'd ev'ry circle and zone of the Sky:-

Nor ever repin'd at my labours, at last
If I caught but your shadow, or smile, as you past.

But can it be, Goddess, you shine in full blaze
On Rhinoceros, Behmen, and mudlers like these?
No!---They grasp but a cloud, when they doze on their pelf,
Then boast they had been hand and glove with thyself.
But what tho, sweet Nymph, in a frolic, we raise
The song, and attempt to embalm them with praise?
'Tis but charity.----Pout not, nor throw up your eyes!----
Without this, when they drop, all their memory dies:
Soon no shred of their long winded lectures remains
To snatch, from oblivion, their high sounding names.
But what tho our charity also extend
To all who 'gainst Eugene did fiercely contend!—
Who first, and who last, my demure Goddess, say,
March'd forth, and engag'd in this dangerous fray?

Van Behmen appear'd, with his cranium of lead:
No brains, but Dutch Volumes were cramm'd in their stead.
His brow was surrounded by mystical fog
Exhal'd from a putrid Batavian bog:
While a huge bushy wig gave a clerical grace
To all his vast-vacant expansion of face.

He ever disdain'd his opponent to hit
By shafts, edg'd and pointed with meaning and wit:
With a monstrous sledge hammer, he bears on his foes,
And prevails by unweildy succession of blows;
His excellent works the Tobacconists prize,
These critical judges of weight and of size.

He never attempted to quicken his speed
By mounting the galloping, high mettled, steed;
(For he, gravely, could point where it was on record,
That saints by such mounting offended the Lord)
But perch'd on a long ear'd---what do you call him?---
Great grandson of him who held confab with Balaam,
Both so nearly allied, both of Hebrean root,
You might, sudden, mistake ev'n the man for the brute.

Thus mounted, he draws out his lecturing song;
Not the course of old Saturn so tiresome and long:
While we sleep---or relieve the fatigues of the day,
By glancing a Novel, or last acted Play.

Thus mounted, and furnish'd, he encumbers the road,
And opposes to Eugene his vast shapeless load.

Next *Mac Fleckno* advanc'd, of a strange antique shape,
 Somewhat of the Tyger, but more of the Ape.
 His voice thro each note of the gamut will flow,
 While his English is sung to the tune of Glenco,
 And you'd think that your ears are assail'd, when he chats,
 By the noisy amours of some dozen of cats.
 So splentic, harsh, and so endless his gabble,
 'Tis like a long strife 'mong the builders of Babel.

Not many years hence, by some monks 'twas agreed.
 That to honour the Convent, he each day should read
 Sage Lectures.----But we who were tir'd with his song,
 Thought he honour'd the Convent, — by holding his tongue.

He now to a Hobby's vast summit had clim'd,
 Urg'd on by a fuse, which was lighted behind:
 Fed with scraps, far too numerous here to rehearse,
 Tails of Lectures, and tails of nonsensical verse.
 Tofs'd this way and that, by posterior force,
 Like a cracker, or squib, hopt and rumbled his horse.

Thus, lect'ring, thro fogs and thro puddles he draws us,
 Now blown up with wind, and now plung'd by a *Casus*:*

* See a foolish cabbaged performance with this title—which some have translated—*The fall of the P*——.

Tho, but for a faithful friseur, all his cant is
Become now a *vox in deserto clamantis*.

Now, after long pause, midst the gape of the throng,
March'd *Cockius*, wriggling and bustling along?
Far fam'd for success in assuming the air,
And peculiar manner admir'd in the Bear:
So completely successful, ev'n Envy must own,
That in acting the Bear*, he's entirely at home.
Long has he amus'd by his delicate scent
In hunting distinctions, to evanescent;
By splitting and hashing, like porridge or curds,
The odds and the ends, and the meanings of words;
By negatives ending in strong affirmation,
Where not not not, but not Not, is the pronunciation;
His *syncope*s, *'pocopes* *crasis* *diresis*,
These engines to torture poor words as he pleases.

We were wont to admire him and thought him profound,

* See a supplementary Criticism on the Elegy in a Country Church Yard.

And suppos'd there was sense, where there was so much sound;
But, unable to trace him, suspect that the elf
Does not understand his refinements himself.

Him *Gimcrakius* follow'd — a spacious pack
Of important discoveries loaded his back :
Connundrums most curious, by which he could shew,
Variations of heat, both in ice and in snow;
Could enable the sailor, afar on the main,
To distinguish a gale from a deluge of rain ;
And could make ev'n heedless incautious beaux
Understand that it rains, by its wetting their clothes.
All these, and much more, he profess'd ; tho indeed
Not one of his projects did ever succeed.
Bomb-proof against wit, and from satire secure,
He exults in possessing a snug *sinecure*.

Next a *Courtier* appear'd, an amphibious thing,
Whom Rhinoceros led by the nose, with a string.

Majestic he stalk'd, with much strut, and much pother,
And had promis'd on one side but fought on the other;
For true to th' example of other great Lords,
His actions are antipodes still to his words.

With hide hard as Marble, and heart cas'd in steel,
Which lash cannot pierce, nor compunction can feel,
Rhinoceros headed this hostile array,
And let loose all his long brooded hatred that day.

Long had he, with face ever simp'ring with smiles,
Attack'd poor Eugene by his underhand wiles;
Now he dares, on the front of his foes to assail:
His left arm'd with mud, while his right grasp'd a flail.
Terrific he frown'd, and collected his ire,
His eyes, like two comets, shot ominous fire;
O'er his face livid paleness, at times, was diffus'd;
Still his lips grinn'd those smiles to which long they were us'd;
His mouth with a cold deadly poison was fill'd,
Which, under his smiles, from his tongue was distill'd.

Not more awful he frowns 'midst his lecturing chime,
When Logic he deals without reason or rhyme,

If, midst pauses and hems, a grammatical blunder
Piques laughter, and rends all our seal'd lips afunder:
Or a speech, that in Latin is fairly begun,
Is chang'd into English before it is done:
Or when, in the hall, on bestowing a prize
On some pamper'd boarder, loud hisses arise:
Or when, with knit eyebrows, he scares us from play;
And *Terror's* the order, with him, of the day.

Having dealt round his mud, and shatter'd his flail,
He found that these engines would nothing avail.—
Then he mutter'd, and grumbled.—A tempest of wind,
With a train of dire phantoms, escap'd from behind.
These phantoms had long been immur'd in this pent-house,
And to harrafs Eugenius, kept *in retentis*.
Just as Eol, and old hags of Lapland, confin'd
In bags or in bottles, fierce tempests of wind;
So that he, who possess'd such a treasure, could work
Dev'lish mischief—by simply unscrewing a cork,

First rush'd from this pent house, with idiot stare,
STOLIDITY!—running now here, and now there;
Her actions directed by no certain laws,
But strolling about, without object or cause.—

The Party, astonish'd, look'd frantic and wild,
And father'd on Eugene this new-begot child.

Next *Drunkeness* fallied, with reeling and hiccup,
And rais'd for a while a most devilish kick up.
Poor Cockius shrugg'd, and attempted to speak,
But his voice died away in a sentence of Greek:
A panic had seiz'd on the rest of the elves,
For some knew that the goods did belong to themselves.

Then *Atheism* issued, with desperate grin;
The Sun never shone all benignant to him:
No cause rules above!—there—no hope of abode!
He muddles in earth with his favourite toad.
Our two Theologians, with rage and surprise,
Thrice turn'd inside outward their spacious eyes:
One mew'd like a cat—while the other, behind,
Spoke once in his lifetime, distinctly, his mind.

Then *Democracy* fallied, in turbulent mood,
Her hands arm'd with poinards, and dropping with blood,
While, in triumph, the guillotine march'd in her rear,
And freez'd, for a while, all our heroes with fear.

But soon they were form'd into martial array,
And long at these scarecrows, kept firing away.
But chief our divines made a horrible din
'Bout Heresy, and demagogical Sin:
For pestilent heretics, gravely, they deem
Those who do not their dunghills of rubbish esteem.
And as mists from their puddles perpetually rise,
To hide, or disfigure, the Lord of the skies;
So each mire to bespatter those persons, they rake,
Who his works can explain, and correct their mistake.

Meanwhile other phantoms had scar'd some old maids,
And widows of Sixty, while snug in their beds.
Priapus had often appear'd in their dreams,
While, in vain, they repell'd him by kicking and screams:
Still!—Still!—he would shew his most impudent face,
And threaten the nymphs with his hated embrace.—
The grannies thus Storm'd in a manner so rude,
Intent on resisting as long as they could,
Consulted, compar'd, were noisy, rais'd kickups,
And skirmish'd away with their scandal and tea-cups.

Thus while feminine noises, Rhinoceros' flail,
And his Party's loud vollies our ears did assail,

Not less they contriv'd other senses to wound
By scatt'ring their cold foetid poisons around.

'Twas now that the friends of Eugene sallied out
To examine the cause of th' uproarious rout:
On their spacious front march'd our Prior, the sage;
His locks were white, silver'd with reverend age.

Him Rhinoceros saw, and he suddenly broke
Into an explosion of fury and smoke:
Not Etna more awful, when, heaving, he vents
The hot liquid trash which his bowels torments.

He first launch'd against him a talisman cracker,
Condens'd by his party in magical wrapper.
The wrapper was blotted with mystical cyphers,
And scrawl'd with the venom of toads and of vipers.
But vain this attempt our sage Prior to scare,
Tho its hopping and bouncing, indeed, made him stare.

And shall I be thwarted! Rhinoceros cried,
Shall Logic, Divinity, Greek, be defied!
Have all my deep plottings, and treacherous kifs
Conferr'd upon Eugene, but ended in this —

That he should, in spite of my efforts prevail,
Now my mask I have dropt, and I boldly assail!
Then farewell ambition and glory for me —
No more a led Dean, or led Rector I'll see;
No more shall this senate submit to my laws,
Nor hang, with delight, on my hums and my haws;
No more my knit eyebrows the striplings shall fear,
Nor Doctors confess me for their Roberspierre. —
Nay, damme, I'll Jew-like, raise furious storms,
And blow down these walls with a concert of horns.

Be not, good Rhinoceros, frantic and blind,
Nor make such a wasteful expense of your wind.
Reflect that your Lectures are but an emulsion,
Which none ever swallows except by compulsion;
Where each het'rogenious substance we find
Bruis'd and jumbled, tho not by true science combin'd:
Where long pauses, and frequent contraction of brow,
Form the parts most instructive, we all must allow.
Think also how much you're enabled to hoard
By *rational* charges for lodging and board,
How by soothing old dotards, you first got your pelf:
Then think that your concert may blow down yourself.

Like the furious brute with the bone-arm'd snout,
Which in Africa raises such terrible rout,
Which rushing thro thickets and forests in might,
Provokes ev'n the gaunt hungry lion to fight;
Which even the elephant, fearless, assails;
And strength, join'd to wisdom, no longer prevails.
Thus he tosses his snout, with his eye-balls on fire,
And, chaffing, lets loose the whole force of his ire.

Then he fix'd, in its usual position, his head,
(The crust was of brass, but the lining of lead)
As when rob'd in his gown, with his hat pull'd awry,
Amidst his knit brows, lurid terrors we spy —
When sublime and triumphant he marches along,
And chaces before him the pigmean throng.

Then as bull, in wild fury, encounters with bull,
Or ram tries on ram the whole force of his skull;
And swift as the arrow that bounds on its course;
So swift, and with such irresistible force,
He rush'd on our Prior's incautious flanks,
To dash him in pieces, and scatter his ranks.
But the Prior, who ey'd his infuriate form,
And saw, fast approaching, th' impetuous storm,

Adroitly to shift his position took care,
And left it to waste its wild fury on air.

Rhinoceros, having recover'd his breath,
Grew stedfast as Fate, and terrific as Death.
Shall logic be lost on an obstinate fool!
And still shall you cross my fix'd purpose to rule!
Elenchon, Sorites, and all you defy:
Then I must th' *argumentum ad hominem* try.—
Now listen, Sir Prior, to what I declare;
Ev'n by these sage Compends, determin'd, I swear!
Precious books! which have brought me full many long fees
And by which I contrive still to live at my ease:
These books which I labour each year to explain,
(Tho I own some obscurity still may remain,
Future subject of toil for my prolific brain)
I swear,—If this fellow you longer shall prize,
This instant I will against Government rise;
I myself will lead onward the Carmagnol dance,
And let loose, in these walls, all the madness of France:
Your sinecure—all this expensive erection,
Shall fall by the fury of my insurrection.
In short—now the matter is brought to this pass,
Quick, yield!—or we instantly rise in a mass!

Then the Prior beat parley. — Rhinoceros, pray,
Let me think, and postpone your dire project a day.

If the scope of my syllogism clearly you see not,
Damme, if I will delay it a minute! —
He said — and t'illustrate their doctrine by practice,
Both he and his party wheel'd round on their axis.

Meanwhile a dense vapour, from caverns of Night,
Diffus'd round our Prior, obstructed his sight,
(Not at any time clear, but at pointing the way
Which leads to a good snug preferment, — they say)
For a time he was rapt in a mystical vision,
And saw (some declare) a most strange apparition.

A figure gigantic, with meteor eyes,
Seem'd to start from the vapour, and grow to the skies;
With a hundred vast arms, spread around, he contrives
To play with the hills and the mountains at fives:
(Not more awful that monster, Briareus, who strove
By tossing of mountains t'o'erwhelm mighty Jove)
Terrific he rais'd his vast summit on high,
And seem'd bent on embroiling the Earth and the Sky:

Like an eddying whirlwind raged his breath.
Earth shook; and the Convent itself was not safe.
But what was most strange, on a closer inspection,
This Spectre seem'd caus'd by the plann'd insurrection.

Thrice the hero grew pale, and turn'd inward his eyes,
Thrice he roll'd them around with alarm and surprise;
Thrice he smote on his breast, and attempted to speak,
But his voice died away in a tremulous squeak:
Thrice attempted to write, but his fingers refus'd
To act in the way in which long they were us'd.
As if they had join'd the rebellious crew,
And spurn'd the sage head whence existence they drew.
Meanwhile a cold sweat had bedewed his frame,
Which he wip'd from his face, and was heard to exclaim.

Return, good Rhinoceros, drop your intent
Of stirring sedition up in a Convent.—
Remove but that monster, of horrible face,
And all your proposals I warmly embrace.—
Tell your party, no more I oppose or molest them;
Sed heu! di talem avertite pestem!
Eugene I dismiss—and Eudoxus prevails;
For, equally balanc'd, my breath turns the scales.

Now Rhinoceros labour'd to smooth his knit brow—
(A very hard task all that know him allow)
Then, simp'ring—Sir Prior, I knew that in season,
The strength of my logic would bring you to reason.
Soon no lectures, I hope in these walls shall be known,
More useful, more clear, more admir'd than my own.

Thus my deeply concocted, and long labours past,
For subverting this rascal, have triumph'd at last!
I've exhausted all arts, which I may boast some skill in,
Like a cat with nine lives, he has cost dev'lish killing.
Now he's fall'n.—My tool is preferr'd to the chair.—
Let loud shouts of triumph ascend thro the air!—

When the friends of Eugene saw their leader forego
His engagements, and rashly unite with the foe;
Tho of talents and worth a respectable band,
And resolv'd, to the last, all attacks to withstand:
Yet seeing it vain to continue the fight,
They prudently fought for their safety in flight.
But even defeat far more glorious they prize,
Than victory, purchas'd by slander and lies.

'Thus has our sage cabal, monastic, you see,
Proclaim'd to the world, by solemn decree,
Their *Impotence*---and that no pupil of theirs
They can form, by their Lectures, to fill up their chairs:
But, like crazy old dotards, whose powers are decay'd,
Have recourse to adoption, to keep up their trade.

Of what use, you will ask then, is such institution,
Which wrings from the peasant severe contribution;
Which lately became a mere merchantile job,
By swelling of sal'ries, the country to rob?

Time was when the learn'd were not greedy of pelf.
More intent upon glory, than careful of self:
'Twas then that this focus collected the blaze
Of science, and spread her beneficent rays.---
Both good men, and wise, still exist here, altho
But now *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*.---
When of Prejudice Bigotry, Malice, a knot
Of such convent the power and dominion have got,
Science vainly shall labour to thrust in a ray,
And would flourish by sweeping such lumber away.

The good people now of *the neighbouring City*,
Begin to esteem it a scandal and pity,
That Youth should so long be confin'd to this shop,
Which but to a pedant enlarges the fop;
Which, however they enter'd, they seldom from thence
Return with a fragment of knowledge or sense.—
Now rous'd by an ample and splendid donation,
Subscriptions are rais'd for an USEFUL foundation,
Where no *monkish rubbish* shall smother our parts;
But SCIENCE shall serve as the HANDMAID OF ARTS.

And, to tell you the truth, my dear friend, we are sick
Of the quibbles of Logic, and Metaphysick,
Of Rhinoceros' frowns, now a threadbare pretence
To cover each vast gaping vacance of sense;
Of scrawling of Alphabets, gilding of Tuptos,
And Cockius wriggling and hopping on tiptoes;
Of prizes, now merely a strife among tutors,
Where boarders are ever the favourite suitors;
Of nonsense, assuming Theology's face,
Which defies ev'ry effort of reason to trace
The mafs of confusion—and no ray of light
Ever gleams thro the slow-pacing orbits of night;

Of entities, quiddities, quaint flight of hand,
To which we give attention, and none understand;
Of lectures which, constant, their dull tenor keep,
At which sometimes we laugh, but more frequently sleep,
Such trash, by a dear bought experience, we find,
Instead of enlarging, confuses the mind.

For such knowledge we pant, as may lead us to scan
The various movements of Nature's great plan,
Experience class'd, and by Science arrang'd,
And never from some useful purpose estrang'd.

I dare say, my friend, you are tir'd of this letter—
Have patience—I'll try to produce you a better
At future convenience—but, at present, subscribe
Myself

Your sincerely affectionate



GIBE.

